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A Christian Foreign Policy

BY JAMES A. RICHARDS

The time is fulfilled, and the Kingdom of God is at hand: repent ye, and believe in the gospel. Mark 1:15.

THERE are a number of things taken for granted this morning. If you can grant them too, you will allow that this talk is entirely proper in purpose whether you agree with its substance or not. If you do not grant them, I fear that this talk will seem to you entirely out of order, if not slightly blasphemous.

It is taken for granted that every citizen has not only the right but the duty to think about foreign policy as well as he can and to make his thinking known. There are countries where this is denied, where this is looked upon as a quaint idea as out of date as the idea that the sun rotates around the earth. There are those in this country who deny it, reminding us that our form of government is not a pure democracy, but rather is to be described as representative. They assert that all thinking, talking and acting on foreign policy belongs only to certain elected or appointed officials. This I flatly deny. I believe in "His Majesty, the American Citizen." I assert the duty of every citizen to think and to speak about foreign policy, and that that duty was never greater than just now, when the fortunes of all that seems most excellent is bound up with foreign policy with unprecedented closeness. Nor is the futility of the common man's doing this to be admitted for a moment, at a time when any analysis will show that our chief bulwark against the barbarism of universal war lies not in the thinking of our governments but in the thinking of the multitude of common men.

A second thing taken for granted is that any useful thinking on international policy must itself be international. Peoples must think not only for themselves, but for each other. The governments of the Rome-Berlin-Tokio axis know this. I am as much against

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entangling alliances as most men, but on the other hand it seems to me that to think of an American foreign policy, or a Chinese foreign policy, or a Russian or German or English or French foreign policy, as if these can ever be isolated units, is utterly unreal. Because of certain fortuitous advantages of history and location it is especially easy for us Americans to fall in error here. Of course I would wish our foreign policy to be Christian even if no other is. And I would have America take the consequences that such a policy may bring. But what we need to think about is the foreign policy of the world as a whole.

A third assumption is that Christianity may properly speak on foreign policy. It is those who do not grant this who will be most likely to regard this talk as out of place, if not a little blasphemous. I know how hard it is to find any words from the lips of Christ spoken in the first century that seem to be in the terms of the foreign problems of the twentieth century. I know too that there are many Christians who firmly believe that Christ has nothing to do with social problems of any kind, and least of all with modern diplomacy. But there are others of us who do not see how Christ can save men at all unless he saves them in their relationships, or how he can save men much unless he saves them in all their relationships. He who lived and died for the Kingdom of God, and who did this for the Kingdom of God in the present as well as for the Kingdom of God in the future, may well be quoted in connection with foreign relationships in which all relationships now seem bound up more closely than ever in the past.

These three things I take for granted, and they issue in the conviction that even the most obscure and ignorant Christian minister must try to speak about a Christian foreign policy.

WAR HAS NO CHRISTIAN STANDING

If we thus appeal to Christ, the first thing he will tell us is that war is not the way out of our present difficulty. If there was one thing that he made fundamentally clear, it is that you cannot overcome evil by bringing greater evil to bear upon it. That only augments the evil. The only practical way to overcome evil is with good. This he said again and again. This he lived all along the way and supremely in his cross. The only place and manner in which I can think of Jesus as using violent force would be in order to do good to those against whom it was used. I would knock a man down to keep him from killing another, thereby not only saving a life but also doing that man the favor of keeping him from becoming a murderer. But I leave it to you to answer whether as a matter of cold fact there is any way to give modern warfare any Christian standing on that basis.

I am one of those who are reserving judgment about Mr. Chamberlain, but in so far as he is acting on the conviction that war is not the way out, I hold that he is acting as a Christian. If that is the conviction on which he is acting he may have gained it from considerations very near at hand or directly from Christ. He may have seen that war would do more harm to all engaged in it than any possible good to any engaged in it. Even to have fought for Czechoslovakia would have extinguished that state even more tragically and iniquitously than it has now been tragically and iniquitously submerged, to say nothing of the ruin that it would have brought to all that we call civilization. Whether he got his conviction from such knowledge or direct from Christ, in so far as he has been acting on that conviction that war is not the way out, I submit that he has been acting as a Christian, for this is the first thing that Christ teaches us about a Christian foreign policy.

NO REPENTANCE AMONG STATESMEN

Many today will go as far as this. But if we turn to Jesus to see if in his broad teaching about all human relations he gives us other bases for a Christian foreign policy, we come on something else that is both the most hopeful and most neglected element in all he has to contribute for our salvation. Moreover, in the Gospel of Mark which is both the earliest and the most nearly chronological of all the Gospels, it was the very first thing that Jesus said in public. "The time is fulfilled, and the Kingdom of God is at hand: repent ye, and believe in the gospel."

Repent ye! I have said that this is the most neglected and the most helpful of all the teachings of Jesus about a Christian foreign policy. When preaching here two Sunday nights ago Professor Craig spoke of how it thrills him that all the current major pronouncements of church bodies on foreign policy begin with a note of confession of national sin and a call that as a nation we repent. But he added in sadness that he never yet has heard of any statesmen saying anything like it. There is one measure of the world's neglect of what must be basic in a Christian foreign policy.

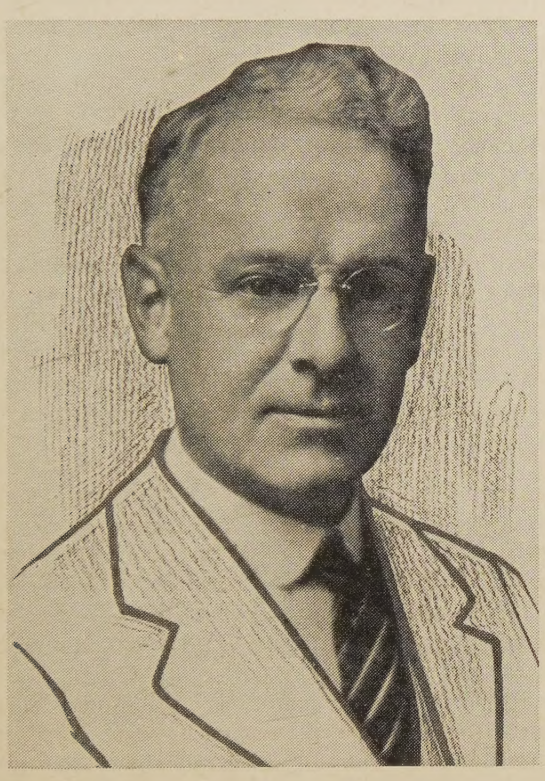
The statesmen have not said it. They are not in that mood at all. Seldom do the newspapers say it. And when they do it is usually in the spirit of partisan criticism of an opposing political party and not at all in the mood of really national repentance. Indeed, we cry that we are not as other men; we are peace loving; we have the will to peace. And thereby we drop into the most colossal and deadening pharisaism that could possibly be imagined. We are not better than other men. We are only more fortunate. What we, as a nation, call our love of peace, is more accurately described as a love of the undisturbed enjoyment of our more than fair share of the material resources and advantages of life. The feebleness of our will to peace is seen in our refusal as a nation to do anything much for the rest of the world, and in the purely negative character of the little that we do do.

NATIONAL HYPOCRISY

Much the same thing could be said of England. An English publicist has recently written that the Englishman is resentful of the American's pose of moral superiority, but at the same time is unconscious of his own similar pose as England strives to maintain advantages of gains made only because she came to the race for empire with a head start over others. If we could get some clear picture of the way the English

and the American governments would act if they were subjected to the same suffocating injustices that the German government has experienced, we would thereby get a clearer sense of the pharisaism that is rife among us as we preen ourselves on our moral superiority.

But if war is not the way out and if a self-righteous worship of the status quo is not the way out, what is the way out? "The time is fulfilled, and the Kingdom of God is at hand: repent ye, and believe in the gospel." That involves two things, as repentance always does. It involves first of all a confession of the many ways in which we have been in the wrong. Millions of Americans now know that what we did in the World War was sinful folly and they are saying just that in all



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sorts of ways. Has our government ever tasted the same cleansing confession? Exactly the same is true in England, in France, and even in Germany. Millions there pass the same judgment on their national past, but no government, as yet, even lisps the truth.

At this point one of the things that we have taken for granted becomes important. Useful thinking on international policy must itself be international. Think what would happen if there came a great clear voice out of Washington saying: "At long last we confess that we have been very wrong. We have selfishly regarded our own supposed good to the exclusion of all others. We were wrong in thinking that war can end war, or make the world safe for democracy, or for any other kind of government. We were wrong in our sole reliance on militarism. We are wrong when we worship the selfishly advantageous status quo. We were wrong in helping win an iniquitous victory and then letting it issue in a yet more iniquitous peace." That would be something altogether new under the sun and what might it not do in Downing Street, in Paris, in Tokio, in Rome, even Unter Den Linden? That would be a foreign policy beginning to be Christian.

FRUITS WORTHY OF REPENTANCE

Then a second step is involved. We must bring forth fruits worthy of repentance. A morbid self-abasement that remains sterile would be as pharisaical as anything we now have. In this startlingly new atmosphere that this first element of national repentance would no doubt bring about, the next step would be for all the penitents to get together to do all possible to redress past and present wrongs. Here the United States should humbly lead the way—lead the way in stimulating the penitents to get together, and lead the way in offering every redress in its power, perhaps even before the penitents did get together. There is no time now to particularize all the forms of redress that would be open to us, except to say that they certainly would include that we do our part in making the impartial wealth of mother earth more equitably open to the enjoyment of all her children, and that we do our part in seeing that all races and peoples get their fair proportionate place in the sun. This is what I humbly submit as a Christian foreign policy.

There are two senses in which it will be immediately asked whether this policy is practical. It will be asked whether this policy is attainable. It will be asked whether it will work if it is adopted. I do not think either question can be answered with complete certainty. But I do hold that its attainability is believable. The world is now so full of doubt, so full of questioning, so full of bewilderment, so balanced in unstable equilibrium, that it might be moved in the Christian direction much more easily than we think. At the same time, every other foreign policy is so bankrupt, so sure to lead to barbarism, even so much more costly many times over, that it is possible the world would grasp at this Christian way with the greatest sigh of relief that the stars have ever heard.

IS THE CHRISTIAN POLICY PRACTICAL?

That if adopted it would work, is also believable. The governments that we now name as most dangerous to the world's well-being live on a very restricted diet. They prosper only on the sense of being wronged. They grow strong only through opposition. Go forth and remove the wrongs, call a halt to every kind of unjust opposition, and do you not thereby destroy their very stock in trade? Do you not so strengthen every bit of sanity and righteousness among these people that their governments will become helpless to commit the follies to which they are now tempted and will be forced either to reform their policies or to give way to better governments?

There is a Kingdom of God near at hand for which the heart of humanity is sore today. There is also a foreign policy that leads straight toward it. "The time is fulfilled, and the Kingdom of God is at hand: repent ye, and believe in the gospel."

Jesus' Ethical Message Confronts the World

By Harry Emerson Fosdick

How can Satan cast out Satan? Mark 3:23c.

FOR some of us it is easier to believe in the Christian theology than in the Christian ethic. A generation ago many were saying, We cannot believe your Christian ideas of God but the ethical principles of Jesus are the hope of the world. Today, however, it is the ethical principles of Jesus that are difficult. By the Christian ethic I mean no mere ordinary, humane decency, loving those who love us, but rather the radical, sometimes incredible, demands of Jesus that we love our enemies, that if smitten on one cheek we turn the other also or if compelled to go one mile we go two instead, that we do good to those who hate us and pray for those who despitefully use us and persecute us. There is the rub today.

The reason for this is the extraordinary vividness with which a powerful temptation assails us all, the temptation to resist evil with evil. When on the western prairies a conflagration starts, men fight fire with fire, burning a swath across which the advancing flames cannot leap. What is thus well done in the physical world we are continually tempted to do in the moral world. We fight evil with evil.

In war, if one side uses poison gas, the other side may at first be horrified, but in the end we all succumb. It takes poison gas to fight poison gas. If one side uses conscription, which is of the essence of dictatorship, the other side, being a democracy, at first is shocked, but in the end copies the technique of the enemy. It takes conscription to fight conscription. In personal relationships we are habitually tempted to meet bad temper with bad temper, resentment with resentment, sometimes chicanery with chicanery, and in all this we are morally sustained because we think we are resisting evil—as indeed we are, but *with evil.* At that crucial point Jesus parts company with us. It is there that his revolutionary ethic begins.

THE VICIOUS CIRCLE OF EVIL

Listen to him: "How can Satan cast out Satan?" Hidden away in the third chapter of Mark's Gospel that searching question stands, summing up, I think, the very essence of Jesus' way of life. How can Satan cast out Satan? How can evil be the cure of evil? How can two wrongs make a right? No question could be more pertinent to our modern world, where today violence rises on every side, ill will is rampant, iniquities tower up and must be resisted by all good men, and the temptation to fight evil with evil is almost irresistible. Yet still the question of Jesus haunts the Christian conscience and in quiet moments of insight reveals a strange, uncanny common sense—How can Satan cast out Satan?

In the first place, how can the vicious circle of evil answered by more evil, answered by more evil, answered by more evil still, ever be broken unless, somewhere, someone refuses to go on with it? Watch this vicious cycle of wrong answering wrong. Iniquity rises, demanding that we fight back. So, following the pattern of the natural ethic, against which Jesus took his revolutionary stand, we fight bitterness with bitterness, hatred with hatred, violence with violence, evil growing in a mounting crescendo as wrong answers wrong. This process is afoot everywhere, from international relationships where they bomb our cities and kill our women and children and so we bomb their cities and kill them, to personal relationships, where we say, He has been unjust—I will show him, I will pay the devil in his own coin.

In this regard how like we human beings are to dogs! For one dog barks and the other barks back and the first barks more loudly and the second becomes more noisy still, in a mounting crescendo of hostility. So one man tried to excuse his terrier to the exasperated owner of another. "After all," he said, "the dog is only human."

From the time, as little children, we fell into angry name-calling, each trying to lay his tongue to some more stinging epithet, we all have faced this elemental problem, and now that, more mature, we are more dignified and our resentment takes a colder form but still remains resentment quite unredeemed, who does not know that vicious circle of bitterness answered by bitterness, answered by bitterness again? It is the tragedy of the world.

LOVE BREAKS EVIL'S COURSE

Shakespeare dramatized this matter in *Romeo and Juliet.* Most people consider that drama a play of romantic love alone, but Shakespeare meant more than that. It is first of all a play about a feud—the house of Capulet against the house of Montague. The first and the last words of the play concern the feud, one house against another, hating each other, meeting violence with violence, evil growing by what it fed upon and two wrongs never coming out right. Remember Mercutio, slain in the duel and in the insight of his dying moment crying, "A plague o' both your houses!" In the theater I have often seen people go out before the final scene as though, the love poetry being over, they thought the play was done. Shakespeare would have disliked that. It is the final scene, the climax of the play, that he was driving at, where Capulet and Montague stand ashamed and penitent, their long and bitter feud stopped in midcourse by a love that broke the vicious circle of its hate. In that final moment of the play, when a Christian might kneel as before the mystery of the cross, Capulet says, "O brother Montague, give me thy hand."

So Shakespeare after his own fashion dramatized what the Christian ethic would say, that the world's feud can never end and the vicious circle of wrong answering wrong come to a close until, somewhere, somebody refuses to go on with it. Jesus meant this by his practical, homely saying that if a man is smitten on one cheek he should not smite back, starting thus an endless chain of smiting back. Let him try a

new technique! Better, he would say, that one adventure on a revolutionary ethic and if two blows must be given take both rather than give one. Let him see if he cannot thus break the endless sequence of fighting evil with evil, whereby we always become the evil that we fight.

This is what the pacifists at their best are driving at with reference to war. The most shameful aspect of our present international situation, I think, is the way we ape the enemies we hate. The dictatorships say, War! so we say, War! They build vast armaments, so we build vast armaments. Step by step, day by day, we become their yes-men. They say, Dictator-

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ial control of the nation for the sake of war's efficiency! So in Washington we propose bills that provide on the day of war's declaration that the nation shall conscript life, property, labor, conscience. The dictatorships say, Let the war department determine the foreign policy! So we, too, against the great tradition of our people and the very words of our Constitution, say the same thing, and in Washington—witness that proposition for the fortification of Guam—not so much the civilian representatives of the people as the army and the navy begin to initiate, and so ultimately to predetermine, our foreign policy. What apes we are! We copy those we hate. We fight evil with evil and become the evil that we fight. We will conquer them, we say, so first of all we let them make us in their image. And all this is because we think Jesus a visionary idealist. He is not. His ethic shows a more realistic insight into what is going on in this modern world than does our boasted hard-headedness. Despite their governments, the people of all the nations in their homes and hearts want peace. Somewhere, sometime, millions of men and women must stand up and cry, We're through; we will not go on forever with war causing more war, causing more war, causing more war still.

If someone says, But we may be compelled to go to war! I ask only that the meaning of that be realistically faced. For in the war you say that America will be compelled to every form of cruelty that human beings, implemented with unprecedented instruments, can inflict on human beings. In that terrific wrestling bout no holds will be barred. The very word "sacred" will be dropped from the human vocabulary, and neither child nor woman, home, church, school, honor nor plighted faith will be respected. If we are the apes of our enemies in peacetime, in wartime we will be apes indeed. Every cruelty they devise we will match. Every devastation they inflict on human beings we will equal. In the end no barbarity will be beneath us. The boys we bore in travail and reared in love in our homes, schools and churches will become the yes-men of the enemies we fight, in every dastardly deed they do. They will be compelled to. And when it is over, in a world where all agree that no one can really win a war, with civilization, it may be, wrecked, with a thousand new problems raised for every one solved and countless hatreds engendered for every one satisfied, I can think of only one factor that still will stand quite unimpaired: the strange man of Galilee whom many call a visionary idealist, still asking with infinite sorrow, "How can Satan cast out Satan?"

WHAT DID JESUS WANT?

Let us take a further step and note that whether or not this principle of Jesus that evil is not to be fought with evil appeals to us depends primarily on what it is that most of all we want. Do we really want to cast out Satan? Do we most of all desire to get rid of the evil of the world? Multitudes of people want something else altogether—their own prestige, personal or national, their gain and profit, their vengeance even or their private conquest. Of course, to such Jesus' ethic is preposterous. We cannot see his meaning truly any more than we can see the gorgeous windows of a Gothic cathedral until we go inside. There from within his life we understand what most of all he wanted. Above all else he wanted to rid the world of its evil. Whatever it cost, whether it brought him to the cross or not, somehow to rid the world of its evil was his passionate desire. Well, if *that* is what a man wants, then evil is not an instrument to use. It is only in the light of this supreme aim and motive of Jesus that one can see his ethical principles as reasonable. If one wants most of all to cast out Satan, then an alliance with Satan is no means to that end.

Translate this into personal life and how clear it is! A man does a wrong to us; what do we want? It may be that our first impetuous desire turns to vindictiveness—an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. So one man I know of had an enemy. For years financially he laid for him until he got him, sold him out lock, stock and barrel, house and furniture, and, with a

satisfaction which only the vindictive know, cried, "My God! but that's conquering!" Well, if a man wants *that,* then Jesus' ethic is preposterous.

When, however, a man did Jesus a wrong, Jesus felt concern for the man. There are different ways in which one can intimate the presence of need and none more unmistakable than to be unfair, unjust, ungenerous. When a man does a wrong it is as though he flew unwittingly a flag of distress and uttered a cry for help. Evildoing may be variously interpreted. It may cry to us, Revenge! It may say, Ignore me! It may say, S. O. S.; there is a need to be met, a deep want in this man's life, an evil that by good will, perchance, you may help to cure. So, when the Samaritan villagers used Jesus despitefully, he was sorry for the villagers. When Judas betrayed him he was heartbroken because he could not help Judas. You see, it was the wrongheartedness itself he wanted to get rid of, the unkindness and bitterness he wished to banish from the earth. When one takes the measure of this supreme motive, Jesus' ethic becomes not preposterous but inevitable. Satan cannot cast out Satan.

A RISKY ETHIC

If someone says that this ethic is risky, that it is bound to cost sacrifice and when used on some people is sure to fail, I answer, Of course it is. During the last blizzard, we are told, a woman living on a branch of the Ohio saw a poor dog drifting on the ice-floes and, touched with pity, ran to the stream, with difficulty launched her boat, fought for two hours before she reached the dog and brought him safely back. Then he bit her and she died of rabies. There are human curs like that. Of all men in history, do you think Jesus did not know it? But he would say, I think, Take it any way you will, human life is risky; you cannot avoid risk in life, and the salvation of the world depends on men and women who will take *this* risk, to face ill will with good will, to try to break the vicious circle of evil's sequence where wrong answers wrong, and when two blows must be given to take both rather than give one.

If we say, In certain personal relationships this ethic can be made to work and it is of these individual relationships only that Jesus is thinking, I suspect that shows how little we know about Jesus' world. He was not tucked off in a forgotten corner of the world. He lived on one of the major highways of the Roman Empire. Every breath of news, I suspect, from the Thames to the Euphrates soon or late came to Nazareth. He lived in a violent generation when force ruled the world and might made right as terribly as it does today. He lived in a nation seething with violent revolt. He dealt not with Saduccees only, compromising with Rome, not with Pharisees only, waiting for their supernatural Messiah to come from heaven and redeem them, but with Zealots, fiery, militant, revolutionary rebels, crying out for bloodshed to make right their heinous wrongs. It was this public situation so dreadfully like ours that Jesus had in mind when he turned his back on revenge and bloodshed and based his ministry on undiscourageable good will. It was this public situation he faced in the temptation at the beginning of his ministry, when the devil, as it were, showed him all the kingdoms of the earth and said, "All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me." How perennial a temptation that is! How terribly it assails us all today! To join forces with the devil to beat the devil, to fight evil with evil—ah, Christ, how did you resist the pressure of it in your time and how in a world like this do you expect us to follow you?

THE MEANS DETERMINE THE END

Yet when in calmer moments one faces the facts, one wonders if he is not right. Satan cannot cast out Satan. All history is a running commentary on that. The means determine the end. Everlastingly that is true—the means determine the end. We of all generations should understand that. Did we not fight a war to make the world safe for democracy? We were resisting evil. We prided ourselves on that. We were morally indignant against a real wrong and sacrificially devoted to a holy cause. We would make the world safe for democracy. Conscription to make the world safe for democracy! Poison gas, bombing of open cities, blockades that starved millions, to make the world safe for democracy! Dictatorial control of the whole nation's life—even what we ate and wore—the very suspension of the Bill of Rights to make the world safe for democracy! And in the end a treaty, the only kind of treaty modern war can issue in—vengeful, selfish, cruel—to make the world safe for democracy! So we woke up to discover that the world is less safe for democracy than ever in our lifetime, that war cannot defend democracy, that the means determine the end. Ah, Christ, you are not a visionary idealist; you are the sanest realist of us all. Satan cannot cast out Satan.

MEEKNESS IS STILL MIGHTY

Let us take a further step and note the positive power of this ethic when it is put to work. For it is not weak, as the average man thinks it is, but very strong. Of all ridiculous beatitudes, the average man would say, the most ridiculous is the one where Jesus sums this ethic up and the faith on which it is built: "Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth." What nonsense! says the average man. Yet would you stake your credit upon the opposite? Blessed are the Hitlers for they shall inherit the earth! Would you? Hitler may start a war this spring. He may get the Ukraine. He may drive a road from Berlin to Bagdad. Grant him every temporary victory you think possible. Would you say that in the long run he will inherit the earth? I do not know any intelligent person who thinks that. All history rises up against that. Like children's sand houses built upon the shore, age after age the tides of destiny have risen and wiped out the empires built on force. Of all the contrasts in history none could be more disproportionate than that between the Roman Empire on one side and Calvary's cross upon the other. Yet the Roman Empire has fallen and many another empire since, like

children's blocks toppling in a row, but still that cross stands and haunts the conscience of the world. So I think Jesus sat many a day upon the hills above Nazareth and looked down upon the vast plain of Esdraelon, stretching there mile after mile before his gaze. There the historic battles of the world had been fought. There the empires of the Euphrates and the Nile had clashed. Age after age violence had met violence and kings and pharaohs had fallen in futility, and Satan had never cast out Satan yet. It was from that vision, not first of an ideal but of the facts, that Jesus went out, I think, determined, though he died for it, to introduce into the world a new and revolutionary ethic—meet ill will with good will, dare to break the vicious circle of evil answering evil, never fight wrong with wrong. Satan cannot cast out Satan.

AT THE FORK OF THE ROAD

However some may doubt the possibility of applying this principle to public affairs, you cannot doubt its magisterial power in personal relationships. I would almost venture to say that any special fineness of spirit that anybody here possesses is his because sometime he has lived at the receiving end of this ethical principle. For there are three kinds of goodness in the world. First, coerced goodness, where somebody is good to us because we can require it. That is not impressive. Then there is deserved goodness, where we have been good to someone and now, *quid pro quo,* so much for so much, he is good to us. That is not deeply impressive. Then there is undeserved goodness, where we have been unworthy, ungenerous, unkind, unjust, and, lo! someone comes back at us with good will and friendliness. From the days at home when our parents so treated us, through all our lives, no force has reached so deep, laid hold so hard, lifted us so powerfully as that. Thank God not everybody has slapped back at us! Thank God some people did go the second mile with us! The salvation of the world depends on the multiplication of people who understand and practice that adventurous ethic.

Do not represent me as having said that it is simple to apply this principle to the world's large affairs. It is desperately difficult. No one of us is wise enough to see around the next corner. Only as Americans this seems clear to us, that we are at the fork of the road and that either we are going to throw the vast influence of this nation on the side of those constructive forces that make for economic appeasement, international good will and conference instead of violence, or else we are in for an era dominated by our aping of our enemies. They say, War! We say, War! They say, Armament! We say, Armament! They say, Poison gas! We say, Poison gas! They say, All restrictions off on the most brutal instincts of mankind! We say the same, until once more, fighting evil with evil until we are the evil that we fight, far from conquering our enemies we let them make us after their own image. So at long last, at the end of a ruinous era, we shall face again the question—which God grant us grace to face now before it is too late—"How can Satan cast out Satan?"

Youth and War

By Reynold B. Boden

MEMORIAL Day is one of the most challenging days in the calendar of humanity; it challenges us all to finish the work of those who went out twenty or more years ago and gave their lives in the cause of liberty, democracy, decency and civilization. It is a day when we recognize that we are debtors and that our debt to the dead calls for payment in the present.

Especially is Memorial Day a sacred day for young people, and I want to speak frankly to all young people here assembled. I want to remind you again of those young men, "dead ere their prime," who went out in the World War and suffered incredible hardships because they felt that a stand must be made once and for all against that most wicked and stupid of social sins—war. They went out to put an end, as they thought, to war, even though it might cost them their lives. Almost all the boys who went to school with me went to France to fight for the extermination of war—and most of them never came back. Not one of my friends would have gone out had he not been convinced in his own inexperienced and trusting mind that as a result of his sacrifice there would never be another war. It was, without the shadow of a doubt, a war to end war forever.

A NEW CONVICTION FOR PEACE

Alas, they little knew! In their enthusiasm for what they believed to be the right they could not foresee the folly and the sin of the men who were to make the peace. They never dreamed that the "peace" would have in it the germs of even greater wars. Since they died several wars have been waged. But they did their part, those fine young men. It is those of us who did not die who have failed. Everywhere there are war memorials erected in their honor, and nowadays those memorials seem to say to us as we look at them: "We won the war but you have lost the peace." The only way for us to be loyal to those young men is to give our lives for the ideal of world peace, for which they lived and died. Peace—that is what the mass of humanity is crying for today; and strangely enough, that is one of the things which humanity seems to be denied.

How do you young people feel on this subject of war? Are you for it or are you against it? You must be on one side or the other; you cannot sit on the fence in so vital a matter if you are really alive. I tell you frankly that if we older people start another war it is you young people who will have to go out and fight it. We shall sit at home—at least until many of you have been killed. And I can assure you that many of you will never come out of it alive; for modern warfare means universal destruction. And as for you high school girls—you will not only have to go and nurse the boys when they get their arms and legs blown off; but many of you will never have a husband or a home for the simple and sufficient reason that multitudes of the best of our young men will be buried beneath the soil.

Unless I am greatly mistaken, you young people are not sitting on the fence in regard to war. You are against it. You want to pay off your debt to those fine young men by working and talking and giving your life in the cause of peace on earth and good will among men.

If I were a debater you could never persuade me, under any circumstances, to take the negative side of the proposition that "war is the most colossal foolishness and the greatest sin in the experience of mankind." For the life of me, I could not gather a single argument that would hold water against such a proposition as that. Can you think of a single thing that could be said in favor of war? In the old days, I admit, there

REYNOLD B. BODEN

was a large element of adventure in war; there was an opportunity for individual bravery—you could see your enemy advancing and you could go out and grapple with him. But nowadays you would rarely see the enemy at all. For the enemy would not be personal, but mechanical. Could you write a lyrical poem on the adventure of modern warfare?

The simple fact is that modern war isn't war at all, but organized mass murder, in which babies get killed as well as men. Science has learned a great deal about mass murder since the close of the last war. And the last war was bad enough, God knows. Let me refresh your minds with the figures: 10,000,000 soldiers killed; 3,000,000 presumed dead; 13,000,000 civilians dead; 20,000,000 wounded; 9,000,000 war orphans; 5,000,000 war widows; 10,000,000 refugees. According to the Swedish Society for the Study of the Social Consequences of the War, over 40,000,000 people died in the World War. Think of the carnage that would ensue in a world war today, when airplanes are 300 per cent more efficient than in 1918!

WAR SOLVES NOTHING

In terms of material wealth—which does not, after all, matter so much—the World War cost $185,942,000,000. A figure like that does not mean much to those of us who are accustomed to add up in nickels and dimes. But it simply means that if there were another world war, your fathers would be utterly ruined. There would be no money for education; schools and colleges would be closed. Even the wealthy would have nothing left, for in another world war there would of necessity have to be conscription of wealth as well as conscription of men.

What good word can you say for war? Frankly, I cannot think of one, and I am trying hard. A strange thing is that it is impossible for anyone to win a modern war. Who won the last one? If you were to press for an answer I would say that no one really won the last war, but the one who got most out of it was Hitler! Certainly America and the other allies did not win the war.

Another strange thing is that war solves nothing. It never solves what it sets out to solve. One of the aims of the last war was to make the world safe for democracy; yet seldom has democracy been in a worse plight than it is today, twenty years after the war. We went out to defend freedom and we have got—dictators! That's strange, isn't it? Another war would not solve a single one of the problems confronting the world today; it would merely create innumerable new ones. And it would push us all back into the barbarous slime from which by painful and slow processes our race has emerged.

COMMUNISM WILL NOT HELP

And yet the world today is full of problems; it is bristling with problems that must be solved—and solved very soon. And if war cannot solve them, what can? There is a puzzle for you young people to solve!

"How about communism?" someone asks. Well, a good thing about communism is that it certainly tries to solve problems: it does not just sit down and say that there is no solution. It tries hard and it is sincere. My chief objection to communism is that it is too much like fascism and nazism: if you do not see eye to eye with the Big Noise at the head, if you are in the habit of doing a little thinking on your own, you are sent for and put up against a wall and shot. That is not the way to solve problems. I don't want to live in a country like that. I want to live in a land where there is free speech and free thought. I don't want to be told what or how I must think.

Is there anything that can solve the world's problems? Is there anything that can bring stability and steadiness and security to this hard old world of ours? Do you know—I think I know the answer! And it is this: trust and esteem between nations. That alone can solve our world problems just as at school it is only trust and esteem between students that can make the institution run smoothly.

If there is something which can show me that the Japanese or the German is as truly my brother as though he were born in my own home, and if there is something that will show the Chinese or the Italian that I am his brother as truly as if I had been born in his family—then there is hope for a solution to all kinds of problems.

THE ONLY WAY OUT

Is there anywhere on earth a system of thinking which has made the idea of trusting one another its foundation and base? Is there anywhere a philosophy of life which has in itself the power to bring about mutual esteem? There once lived on earth a Teacher whose message to the whole human race was something like this: "One is your Father, and all ye are brethren." That is an astounding thing to say, and as you walk through the "East End" of any big city it is an astounding thing to believe. According to purely worldly standards it is sheer madness, and the bully laughs and sneers at it. And yet I suggest to you young people—and I want you to think it out for yourselves—that there is no solution before the world today for its problems but the solution of Jesus Christ. Everything else has been tried and has failed miserably. Christianity is the formula for which the world is blindly groping today. There is no hope for the world save as it is made up of men and women who are Christ-inspired and Christ-led.

Not for one moment do I want you to swallow all I say without thinking. For your own sake and for the sake of the world you must face up to things yourselves. I want you to challenge Jesus and ask him what he means in the Sermon on the Mount. I can assure you that if you are faithful to those teachings which he left for the inspiration and guidance of his true followers you will find all the adventure you want—if you will go out and fearlessly live his life and do his will.

I tell you the world is waiting for such Christian knights as you young people might become. And by so becoming you will more than pay the debt to those young men who twenty years ago went out and gave their lives in the hope that the world might become like unto the Kingdom of Heaven on earth for those who should come after them.

If Christianity is to be made a conquering force in the world Christians must unite upon certain fundamental social objectives and seek to discover practical means for their attainment.

One is the ultimate elimination of war.

A second is a social order which gives to every able and competent human being the chance to work and to earn a living wage.

A third is the elimination of the selfish exploitation by the strong of the weaker members of society.

A fourth is the elimination of race, color, or creed discrimination, such as bars equality of opportunity and poisons human relationships.

Francis B. Sayre.

The Day of All Good Women

By William E. Brooks

Those women who labored with me in the gospel. Philippians 4:3.

THIS is the tenderest of all the letters of Paul which have come down to us. The light of memory plays over its pages as he writes, as sunlight over the sea—memory of the race that is nearly run, of the grace and love of the Master he had served, of the friends he had known. And as he nears the end of his writing he asks the loving care of these Grecian friends for the women who labored with him in the gospel. That is all we know about them—that the great Apostle to the Roman world counted himself in their debt. Perhaps they taught him many things, not the least of which was that gentleness of which we see the growth in his later epistles. And not a man of us in any pulpit but owes a like debt, nor any man in any pew. In order that we may remember this, amid the rush of the year we pause to celebrate Mother's Day.

And I sometimes think the memories we cherish on that day should include many others than the mother who bore us. There should be memories also for all the women who labored for us and with us. We might call it "The Day of All Good Women." Some of them had no sons of their bodies and they poured out the love and care they would have given to them on us. There was one whose lover fell on the field of Gettysburg, wearing a blue coat. But an invalid sister's children filled the empty places in her heart and we knew all the love she would have given her own, and not until years had passed did we understand why. And there was a teacher who gathered a group of boys who had been denied many things into a Sunday school class and into her home in the evenings, and set in their hearts the desire for understanding and roused them to the high quest; and another teacher, from a home of culture and ease, who spent her ripened years in a little freshwater college, filled with country boys and girls, and opened for them the magic doors to the country of great thoughts. "Those women who labored with me"—to make us the men we are, our mothers, our teachers, those who have stirred us to do things, it is these we would remember.

SENTIMENT NOT ENOUGH

And that matter of remembrance must be more than a gush of sentimentality that ends when the day is done. Sentiment is an enriching thing. It is like the summer rain on the mown meadows of life. But sentimentality is like opium, a deadly drug that excites for a while and then deadens. Yet it is so much easier to indulge in sentiment, and on this day it seems particularly so. And when the gush of emotion is past we forget all about what the day ought to mean.

There is a little incident in the tale of the day of

the cross which is to the point as we think of the good women we have known and our debt to them. It is a most revealing incident and I think we sometimes miss its meaning. We are apt to think of it as merely a demonstration of Jesus' thought for his mother. In that hour of his agony, when he hung dying against the sky, he did not forget her who had borne him, but gave her to the care of his friend John. That we remember. But is there not something more to it than that? There is a revealing light on the character of John in the name that was given to him and his brother, "the Sons of Thunder." Gusty-passioned men, of hasty impetuosity, unwise, imprudent—we know the type. Jesus knew him, knew him better than most, because he loved him. And he knew John's infinite possibilities, possibilities that the years were to reveal. So it was of John that he was thinking quite as much as of Mary as he spake the words: "Woman, behold thy son. Son, behold thy mother." Not only was he asking John's care for Mary, he sought as well Mary's care for John. John, in the difficult days ahead, needed a mother's hand on his shoulder. Jesus put it there. And the rare figure of the epistles was the result.

THE MIGHTY POWER OF WOMEN

As I think of that story I think of a woman's power for good or evil. For Mother's Day does not alone bring its demand to the Johns of the world, but as well to the Marys. Their power is enormous. We who are men are apt to quote vaingloriously those words that Tennyson put in the mouth of the jilted lover:

> Woman is the lesser man, and all her being matched with mine
> Is as moonlight unto sunlight and as water unto wine.

But even while we repeat them we know they are not true. I find a fairer estimate of the fact in an old poem that is almost forgotten:

> They say that man is mighty,
> He governs land and sea;
> He wields a mighty scepter
> O'er lesser powers that be.
> But a mightier power and stronger
> Man from his throne has hurled,
> For the hand that rocks the cradle
> Is the hand that rules the world.

From Helen of Troy down to today, woman's hand has been behind much of the evil that is in the world. To those who are not wholly given over to the theory of economic determinism as the prevailing factor in history—as absurd as all materialism is absurd!—there is no more revealing account of the elements entering into the fall of Rome than is to be found in Ferrero's *Women of the Caesars* in which he sets forth the thesis that the decay of Roman life began with the decay of the morals and the manners of the Roman woman—when she ceased to be the helpmeet, working along with the man, and became his plaything. That has happened often and always for evil.

But women have also been behind the greatest efforts for good. We think at once of the mothers of great sons, because we have the clearest evidence of their worth, but it is not alone they who have shaped the world's story. Two stern women of high ideals had much to do with the shaping of Washington, Mary his mother and Martha his wife. And we have Lincoln's own word that all he was he owed to his mother. That frontier wife was no plaything of her man. She endured as he endured, she toiled as he toiled. William Barton tells the story of that cabin in Spencer county, Indiana, to which Thomas Lincoln took his young wife, Nancy Hanks, and her two babies: "The golden autumn did not last and it was followed by a winter of unusual severity. In all parts of the country it was remembered as 'the winter-of-eighteen-and-froze-

WILLIAM E. BROOKS

to-death.' The home of the Lincoln family through 'the pretty pinching times' of that winter, as Abraham long afterwards described them, was a half-faced camp. It was a pole structure, with a perpendicular bank of an excavated hillside at its back and a bearskin or blanket for a door in front. It was a forlorn place, but the family accepted it with that stolid fortitude that was part of the character of the pioneer." And with Thomas Lincoln wandering as he did, the mother was the mainstay of that family. There as Abraham watched his mother he too learned fortitude, a fortitude that later steadied him in the dark days of crisis.

We know the story of Lincoln, but we do not know as well the part Ann Carter Lee had in the shaping of another great figure of those difficult days, the man known to history as the great leader of the Confederacy, Robert E. Lee. Light Horse Harry, her husband, was a gallant gentleman on the field of battle,

but a poor business man. And when unwise speculation threw him heavily into debt he took the way of flight to escape the debtor's prison. Ann Lee was left, in what to her was poverty, to rear her little family. Those who knew General Lee later told of his thoughtfulness, of his care for others, of his high unselfishness. And they who have followed his story trace it all to his mother and the way she met those difficult years in Alexandria, after they had to leave Stratford.

It is not without point that the Gospels place so much emphasis on Mary; or that early in the Christian years men began to offer their prayers through her. It is their testimony to her influence with her Son and upon her Son. You mothers that are, you mothers that will be, do you realize what power is in your hands? Are you inspiration and challenge to the men whom your lives touch? If you doubt that power, think of what is happening to the women in the land where the most ruthless despotism in Europe is thrusting them back into kitchen drudgery because they cannot be trusted in places where their power might tell. In this great land of ours, where women have undisputed power and preeminent place, will they play their part in the shaping of a better day? Tomorrow is in their hands. It is a tremendous challenge, a mighty opportunity. We have passed the struggle for woman's rights. It is now the day of woman's opportunity. Surely of this the Day of All Good Women reminds her.

THE FAITH OF OUR MOTHERS

But it has a very definite reminder also for the man who has known their care and for whom their prayers have been said. In these restless, uncertain days many a man remembers the peace on his mother's face. There is a letter written by Paul to a young friend in a great and perilous time, a time strangely like our own, calling to his remembrance "the unfeigned faith that is in thee, which dwelt first in thy grandmother Lois and thy mother Eunice, and I am persuaded that is in thee also. Wherefore I put thee in remembrance that thou stir up the gift of God that is in thee." Just so, Mother's Day comes to remind the thousands of burdened men in this land of ours of the faith that their mothers taught them. The great problems that distract the world are going to be solved only by men of faith; the mountains that shut out the better tomorrow can be moved only by men of faith. We all know that. We hear it openly spoken in places where yesterday it would have been greeted with a smile, if not a sneer. Voices all over the land, sometimes in strange places, are calling for a return to religion. And in many a man's life the faith that his mother taught him lies hidden away like the talent the faithless steward left in the earth-stained napkin. Faithless stewards—that is what so many of us have been, faithless in the care we gave to the most precious treasure that our mothers passed on to us.

And sometimes I think that this is even more true of us who are ministers of the Word. I am not so sure, as I look back across the years, that there has been a high passion in my stewardship of that Word. How often has the pride of intellectuality been the napkin that has hidden it! The faith of our mothers was a great simplicity. There was little of intellectual subtlety about it. But our ministry has too often been like that of those preachers whom Milton condemned—"The hungry sheep look up and are not fed."

A GOOD WORD OF ADVICE

It might have been otherwise had we thought of the way our mothers thought. Years ago I heard "Ian Maclaren" read his moving tale, "His Mother's Sermon." It would be a good thing if everyone of us would read it often. It tells of a young lad in his first parish and the sermon he had prepared for the first day, full of the wisdom of the schools. Long before, his mother had gone on to that other country and his aunt had taken her place. As the day for the sermon draws near he sees that she is anxious and he bids her tell him all that is in her heart. And she does: "Ye maun mind, laddie, that they're no clever and learned like what ye are, but juist plain country fouk, ilka ane wi' his ain temptation, and a' sair trachled wi' mony cares o' this world. They'll need a clear word tae comfort their herts and show them the way everlasting. Ye'll say what's richt, nae doot o' that, and a'body 'll be pleased wi' ye, but, oh, laddie, be sure ye say a gude word for Jesus Christ."

I think there would have been better preaching in these wasted years that are gone, and we would not need to talk as we do about the necessity of "a return to religion," if some of us had let the voices of memory speak oftener to us before we went to our studies to prepare for our pulpits.

The women who labored with us in the gospel! What the world needs is their simple faith, their high courage, their full devotion. And there is no better way to keep the day of their memory than for us all to dedicate ourselves afresh—pulpit and pew alike—to the high task of making that faith real.

A Revival of Puritanism

How much are the people in our churches today prepared to sacrifice for their faith? A shower of rain, a bodily ache, the visit of a friend, is all that is needed to kill the enthusiasm many have. Time can be found for anything and everything except what is of greatest importance. Comforts, pleasure, home, business—all have prior claim to the kingdom of Jesus Christ.

That is what is meant by saying that one of the supreme needs of today is for a revival of Puritanism, because Puritanism is the demonstration on the part of every sincere Christian of a faith and loyalty that will endure, and suffer, and fight for truth, however strong the forces working against it may be, and will never be content until the reign of God is established upon earth and in the wills of men. For the doing of this task the church is the divine instrument. To us the torch has been handed on. God help us to give to it increased brightness that others may receive an even greater trust than was ours.

H. T. Dale.

Choose Your Memories!

By Fred Eastman

According to thy lovingkindness remember thou me. Psalm 25:7.

MEMORIAL Day always brings a flood of memories: memories of our loved ones, of our association with them in earlier days, and memories of others who have gone before us and built up our country and bled and died for its liberties. We do well to set aside one day in the year to give them special honor and to walk with them again in our own memories.

On this Memorial Sunday I invite your thought to the relation between religion and memory. Religion stands at the gate of memory and bids us choose the good memories and forget the bad ones. "According to thy lovingkindness remember thou me." We all have the capacity to remember both good and bad, but we also have the capacity to choose between the good and the bad. And the choice we make determines to no small extent the kind of characters we develop. I should like to try to persuade you of the importance of developing the habit of choosing the good memories—of choosing "according to thy lovingkindness."

MEMORIES OF OURSELVES AND OF OTHERS

Someone has said that God gave us memory so that we might have roses in December. But some people don't give their memories a chance to bring back roses. They use them to bring back the rose bugs. They forget the beauty of the past and remember only its irritations. In time such people become poor company—crapehangers and kill-joys. Doubtless they never intended to become so, but they formed the habit of choosing the wrong memories, and that is what it did to them. The persons you like most to associate with are the ones who, without being sentimental, yet have the habit of choosing the happy memories. One of the chief differences between the Pharisees and Jesus in the Scripture passage taken as our text was just this: that the Pharisees remembered the laws against Sabbath desecration. Jesus remembered the purpose of the Sabbath.

Now most of us do choose the better memories concerning ourselves. For example, you probably remember most often the good report cards you brought home from school rather than the poor ones, the boys and girls who liked you rather than those who were indifferent to you, the times you did good turns for people rather than the times you abused your younger brother or sister. It is probably well that you do remember the good things about yourself, for by so doing you build up self-reliance. Because you remember your successes in the past, you have confidence to strive for more success in the future. Were it otherwise—if you remembered only your failings—you would soon have an inferiority complex. That, I understand, is the prime element in that mental disorder—the tendency to remember too much the mistakes, the weaknesses, the failures of one's past.

But most of us do not deal as generously with others in this respect as we do with ourselves. We do not so often choose the good memories of them. You recall, for example, that this person failed you in time of need, that one wavered in his loyalty, another one lost his temper at you, a fourth one had certain unpleasant personal mannerisms that bothered you. But suppose you look at the same persons through the spectacles of a different set of memories. The first one once went out of his way to do you a kindness, the second defended you when others criticized you unjustly, the third told you of a fault that was cramping your development, and the fourth so stimulated you that you did better creative work after you had been with him. Now you can choose to live with either set of memories. Choose the first set and you gradually grow crabbed and suspicious and retire within yourself. Choose the second set—according to your lovingkindness—and the circle of your friendships will widen.

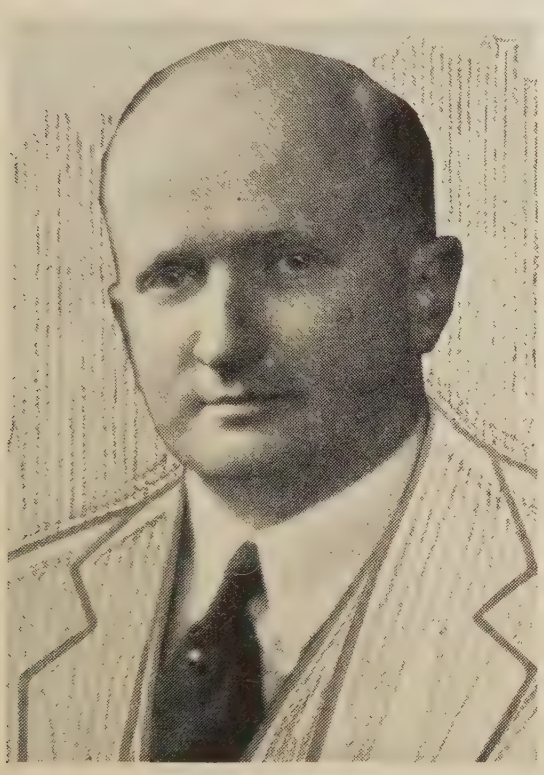
Clayton Hamilton tells a story of an old lady who had chosen the wrong set of memories about Robert Louis Stevenson. Hamilton discovered her at Saranac Lake in New York where he had gone hoping to run across someone who had known Stevenson when he had spent several months there under treatment for tuberculosis. After searching high and low he finally found this old lady at whose house Stevenson had lived. He called upon her and told her what he wanted. At first she couldn't remember Stevenson at all, but as Hamilton patiently questioned her she suddenly remembered. "Oh, that fellow!" she exclaimed. "Yes, I remember him. He used to write in bed and he smoked cigarettes as he wrote and burned holes in my sheets." And that was all she could remember of "R. L. S." She had read nothing that he had written then, or since, and knew nothing of the great character of the man. Whatever she had known she had allowed herself to forget—except that he had burned holes in her sheets.

WHAT DOES THE WORD 'HOME' MEAN TO YOU?

Now let us apply this same principle of choice to your memories of your *home*. All sorts of memories cluster about that word. Some are distressing, some happy. Religion bids you apply the Golden Rule to your memories of your home and—according to your lovingkindness—to choose the happy ones. You could choose to call up the recollections of the irritating mannerisms of your parents, or the selfishness of this brother, or the stubbornness of that sister. You could choose to remember the bad taste in some of your furnishings. There was that hideous wallpaper in the living room. There was that old chair which was an eyesore but which your parents still kept because it was a wedding present and because it was comfortable to Aunt Harriet when she had the lumbago. And there was the old grandfather clock which always registered quarter after four when it was half past two and thus required a good deal of mental arithmetic. There are a score of such possible memories connected with every home.

Yet that is only a part of the picture. Somewhere

in the back of your mind there must be a sort of home movie of your mother transplanting flowers and young trees in order to make the place more beautiful, of ironing your shirts or sewing on buttons, or darning your socks, or sitting beside your bed and reading to you when you had the whooping cough. And a memory of your father helping you out of some trouble, or working overtime at extra jobs in order to earn money for your birthday presents, or to send you to college. As for that selfish young brother, isn't there also the memory of the way he looked up to you, made a hero of you, and a hundred times did things for you that he wouldn't have done for anyone else? You had neighbors around that old home, didn't you? And some of them were rather provoking, but are there not also memories of a little old lady who brought you in cups of her jellies, and now and then a cherry pie?



Fred Eastman

Probably both sets of memories will dwell forever in the hinterland of your consciousness and it lies with you when the word "home" is mentioned to choose which set shall be recalled most consciously and which set will be lingered upon and thus etched the deeper into your mind. "According to your lovingkindness remember."

OUR COUNTRY A SHEAF OF MEMORIES

Take the principle and apply it on a larger scale. Apply it to your *country*. What is any country but a collection of memories? You would not be content with any definition of America in terms of so many square miles, or even of so many millions of persons. Other countries have as many square miles and as many people. No, America means to you a sheaf of memories—memories of pilgrim fathers braving the ocean in a little vessel called the "Mayflower" and signing a covenant while still upon it to establish a commonwealth where justice and liberty under God should prevail; memories of the early struggles of those pilgrims against the rigors of cold and disease; memories of covered wagons in which their sons and grandsons set out across the mountains and plains westward; memories of that hardy set of pioneers—both men and women—who felled the forests and dragged stones from the fields and built homes and cities and states from the Atlantic to the Pacific; memories of the blood that was shed in one war in order that these men and women might win their political freedom, and of the tragic days of another war when other men gave up their lives in order to preserve the union of the states. Yes, America is a set of memories—precious memories of those who have gone before us and labored and bled and died that we might have a better country.

All this about America is fairly obvious. But the point I should like to make here is this: Every nation, to its own people, is just such a collection of memories. Every people remembers the best things about its own country. But when two countries come into conflict each chooses to remember just the harsh things about the other. We fought the Spanish-American War under the slogan, "Remember the 'Maine,'" and then learned years later that Spain had nothing whatever to do with the blowing up of the "Maine." How much better it would have been in those days of excitement if we—especially we in the churches—had remembered the Spanish missions in our southwest and their contribution in works of kindness and mercy to our growing nation. During the World War, we remembered only the dark things in the history of the German nation and we told those to our people until the impression got abroad that the Germans were a mad and barbaric horde without human affections and bent upon the destruction of our civilization. In the same manner the German people chose to remember only our national failings and told one another that we were a nation of money-grabbers out to destroy *their* civilization. If another war comes along we might do well to resolve to choose to remember the good about other peoples—"according to our lovingkindness."

WHAT IS EDUCATION BUT MEMORIES?

Apply this principle yet further—to *education*. Dostoevsky in his great novel, *The Brothers Karamazov*, puts these words into the mouth of one of his characters: "You must know that there is nothing higher and stronger and more wholesome and good for life than some good memory, especially a memory of childhood. People talk to you a great deal about your education, but some good, sacred memory, preserved from childhood, is perhaps the best education. If a man carries many such memories with him into life, he is safe to the end of his days, and if one has only one good memory left in one's heart, even that may some time be the means of saving us." Education in one sense is a process of acquiring a larger collection of memories. An *un*educated man remembers a few things

about himself, his family, his community, his times. An educated man is one who has extended the horizons of his memory until they include not only his century but other centuries, not only his community but other communities, other states and nations. He remembers the experience of mankind, whereas the uneducated cannot remember much before the time when Jones' garage burned when he was a boy.

I once knew two men, both of them leaders in a village in New York state. One was what the folks called a go-getter. He knew little or nothing beyond the promotional spirit and methods that were ascendant in those days. He wanted to make the village hum. He organized all kinds of improvement societies from an expectant mothers' club to a cemetery association. We all stepped livelier under that man's leadership. But the other leader somehow sticks in my memory more gratefully. He was a quiet man who managed to spend a number of hours each day in his library extending his memory over the experience of other villages and other centuries. He became as much at home in the thirteenth century as he was in the twentieth, and as well informed about the fifth century B. C. as about either. He was never swept off his feet by the little whirlwinds of the day. He made no noise. Yet I noticed that when people were in distress or perplexity they sought out that quiet man. And when the editor of the *New York Times* wanted to renew his own perspective in the trying days of the World War, he followed the path which led to the door—not of the go-getter, but of the man who had stored his mind with memories of other nations and other peoples and other great struggles.

THE SACRED MEMORIES OF RELIGION

As for *religion,* one of its chief functions is to conserve the best memories of mankind. The Bible is the record of the best memories of the Christian and Jewish peoples over thousands of years—the record of how God had remembered them "according to his loving-kindness." The prophets and the martyrs, the apostles and the saints, of the centuries are there. They appear with all their faults and against dark backgrounds—but they are there in all their greatness. The church—any church—is a storehouse of the most solemn memories of the community. There the mothers and fathers have brought their children and dedicated them. There young men and women have consecrated their marriages. There the community has brought its dead for the last sad farewells. Where is there another building or institution that has gathered to itself so many sacred memories? Yet few American churches seem to realize this trusteeship of memory which is theirs.

The English and continental churches have done better in this respect. Several years ago I took my family to Europe. My wife and I thought that the children would be bored by the old cathedrals. Instead the children were stimulated, for they went eagerly about reading the old inscriptions and looking in fascination upon the statues of knights and other ancient bigwigs who had once lived in those communities. It was an adventure—an exploration among the memories of four or five centuries—and the children loved it! When our American churches learn something of this secret they may be surprised to find that the people cherish them with a deeper affection.

One might go on applying the principle to colleges, clubs, civic societies and other human organizations. Each has its memories—some good, some bad. And the good are its most precious asset, for they are beyond the power of money. Summed up in a single sentence our thought is this: Choose your memories; select the good from the bad and hold to the good. Choose the better memories of yourself, your home, your friends, your nation. Make it a habit and some day you may be finding yourself much loved, because men and women have come to look upon you as one who remembers, not the most, but the best.

The Church Universal

By E. K. Higdon

TODAY is tomorrow in India. Sunday here is always Monday there, so there's nothing unusual about that statement. But there was something quite unusual about Monday, December 12, in India. On that day 470 delegates from 70 nations met in Madras for study, conference and worship; and to ask what Christ through the church can do for our sick world.

Their presence at Madras was a striking evidence of the existence of the ecumenical church, the church in the whole inhabited world. Some of those delegates came from the Coptic church which tradition says St. Mark founded at Alexandria in Egypt. A few of them represented the Nestorian church which has flourished throughout the generations in India. The Greek Orthodox church made its contribution to the conference through picturesque gentlemen with flowing beards and long hair, robed in sweeping garments and decorated with the jewels of their office. These men and women sat down with brown Christians and yellow Christians and black Christians from the younger churches of Asia and Africa. Their English mingled with the accents of Filipino English and with that spoken by Japanese, Chinese, Siamese, Mexicans and Christians from many other parts of the world.

The discussions centered in the church. What keeps it alive from age to age? What characterizes its inner life? What witness does it bear to a pagan world? Is it sufficiently aware of its changing environment, and what is it doing to give the right direction to the social and economic order in its headlong flight?

I have lived and worked for twenty years among people who belong to the younger church and I am convinced that the representatives of that church in Asia, Africa, Latin America and the islands of the seas have demonstrated some outstanding characteristics of the church universal.

Anyone watching this colorful group disembark at Madras would have been persuaded that at last the church is established in every part of the world. The

Christian movement is planetary. Today you can hardly put your finger on any spot on the map where it does not flourish and make its influence felt in individual and group life. This meeting in India was more truly representative of the church everywhere than any that has convened since Nicaea.

TRULY A WORLD CHURCH

The men and women at Madras represented nearly 350,000,000 non-Roman Catholic Christians. They came from lands all over the globe. They converged upon southeastern India from 14 countries of Europe, from 15 countries of Asia, from 17 countries of Africa; from the United States and Canada, from nine lands in Central and South America; and from six groups of islands scattered around the rim of the Pacific and in other waters.

And in spite of the fact that these people did not dress alike, nor look alike, nor speak English alike, they were united by common ties and moved by common purposes. For one thing, they went to Madras with a heavy burden on their hearts because of the state of the world. They live in a small world, rapidly shrinking. They live in a suspicious world where ideas come into daily clash. They live in a fearful world—"the jitters have come home to roost." They live in a cruel world—the German, Ethiopian and Chinese delegates could testify to that. They live in a suffering world where physical pain and mental anguish demand that Isaiah's statement become a picture of what every Christian ought to experience but millions never have: "He was wounded for our sins. 'Twas our misdeeds that crushed Him." And because the delegates were conscious of this changing world, they saw it as a challenging world. All this they had in common as they met on the campus of Madras Christian College in a beautiful setting at Tambaram, fifteen miles from the third city of India.

They also shared a tested faith in God made known to them through the life and work of Jesus Christ. They would have given up in despair if they had had to wrestle, alone and barehanded, with a rough and cruel world. Did they in their own strength confide, their fighting would be losing; were not the right one on their side, the one of God's own choosing.

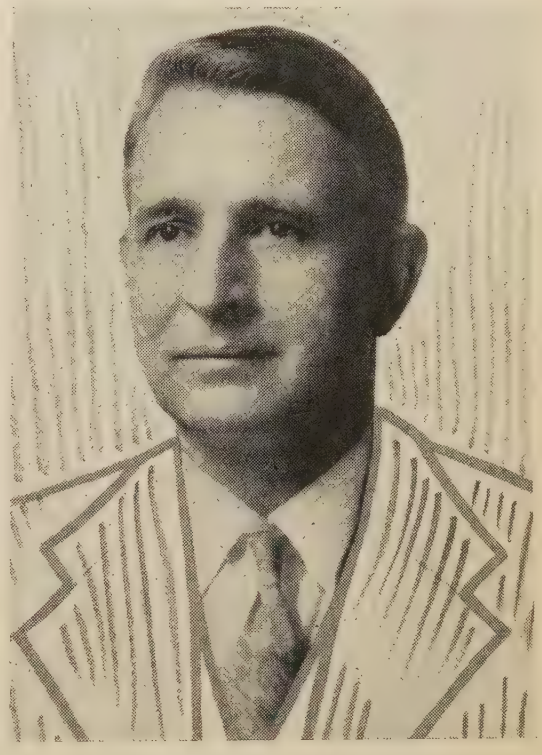
A UNITARY CHURCH

Another contribution of the younger church lies in the field of cooperation and unity. It has demonstrated the fact that the church is unitary. The East might say some bitter things to the West about the attempts of the younger churches to move forward in this area. The Indian bishop of the Anglican Church in the Dornakal diocese tells of an interview he had with Dr. Ambedkar, the noted leader of the depressed class. Bishop Azariah had presented to the doctor the claims of Christianity on the lives of the seventy million outcastes of India. Dr. Ambedkar admitted that the people continue to come to him for advice about the religion to espouse in place of the Hinduism they have rejected. "We cannot accept Christianity," they say. "Look at that Christian town. Look at this one over here. Look at the churches. Do you want us to quarrel over religion as these people do?"

"I can't advise them to join any one of those competing, fighting churches," Dr. Ambedkar declared.

"I came away," confessed the bishop of Dornakal, "with a cast-down face."

We sometimes lay all the blame for the lack of cooperation at the door of the mission boards. But how many times has a missionary society fully approved of a cooperative or union project in overseas work only to have its constituency vigorously disapprove and utterly refuse to finance the undertaking! How many times have those of us who have worked abroad come away with faces cast down because our colleagues of



E. K. Higdon

the younger churches wanted union but our colleagues of the older churches denied it to them!

The sixteen delegates from the Philippines could report at Madras some interesting chapters in cooperation and union. Farsighted missionaries as long ago as 1901 laid down a few simple principles which have formed the basis of Christian work for the last thirty-five years. They said that they would establish one church for the entire archipelago; that they would found one school where the leadership of that church might receive training; that they would endeavor to cooperate in all Christian work which could be effectively done that way. Today the Christian ministry receives its post-graduate training in the Union Theological Seminary of the Philippines. Now the materials produced in the Philippines for Christian education bear no denominational imprint and those engaged in the teaching functions of the church are reminded of the divisions within the Body of Christ only when used lessons

and helps produced by Methodist publishing houses, Presbyterian literature societies, Baptist boards of publication and the like are shipped to them from the United States. Recently the United Evangelical Church of the Philippines celebrated its tenth anniversary and all the major denominations look forward hopefully to a day in the near future when there will be but one Protestant church in the Philippine Islands.

SPIRITUAL MIRACLES IN INDIA

The story of what has been done to secure church union in south India is equally instructive and inspiring. Delegates from many of the younger churches spoke words of authority when the question of cooperation, unity and union was before the house at Madras.

The delegates from the younger churches also told an amazing and instructive story of the witness of the church: a third of a million won for Christ in four decades in the Philippines; a small but courageous group of Chinese Christians who with Generalissimo and Madame Chiang-kai Shek give national leadership to their great land in peace and war; a Kagawa and a Kingdom of God movement in Japan; and an Azariah and the mass movement in India.

One of the most significant modern developments in the field of evangelism has taken place in India. Seventy millions in the depressed or outcaste classes, living in 700,000 towns and villages in a territory two-thirds the size of the United States, present one of the most complicated social situations in the world and such a challenge to Christianity as the meeting in Madras scarcely confronted from any other part of the globe. The nature and magnitude of that challenge is illustrated by the statement of Bishop V. S. Azariah that in his diocese alone forty thousand people are asking for instruction for church membership and not getting it. They are asking for it because the population of entire villages has made the collective decision to abandon Hinduism and to espouse Christianity. They are not getting it because all Christian ministers and laymen who are adequately trained to instruct them already have their hands full, teaching and baptizing more than ten thousand persons a year.

THE CROSS MADE REAL

The "younger" Christians shared another contribution with delegates from some of the "older" lands. They helped the representatives from the rest of the world understand why suffering is necessary for an appreciation of the meaning of Christianity. The story of the cross has moved out of the field of beautiful doctrine into the realm of stark reality. In Ethiopia, in Spain, in Germany, in China and in Japan the imprint of the cross is in the hearts of sensitive men and women.

A hundred million people in China dislodged from their homes, dispossessed of their farms and other property, driven out of their villages and set to wandering back and forth across "the good earth" now become bad! A hundred million! Who can grasp the significance of that figure? It is a round number and rolls off our spirits before it can make an impression on them. Seven hundred thousand of Jewish blood in Germany and other hundreds of thousands in Austria and Czechoslovakia, the victims of indescribable cruelty. Can statistics stab us broad awake? It takes individual cases to make us realize what this all means.

Dr. John R. Mott returned from Madras after personal conversations with the fifty men and women who represented all parts of China and declared: "It is my conviction that we are now facing in China the greatest area and volume of relatively unrelieved human suffering of modern times, not excepting the World War."

AMERICA WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE

The Christians in the West neither know what it is to suffer nor respond to physical pain and mental anguish in others. My own impression as I returned home after an absence of seven years is that something terrible has happened to the people of America. They have become tragically insensitive to suffering and human need.

My youngest sister has spent more than five years in a sanitarium for tuberculars. When she first went there, the surgeons had to deflate one of her lungs to save her life and it remained in that condition so long that it could not again be inflated. Now fluid collects in the cavity and the doctors have to aspirate frequently. In January 1938 I visited her a fortnight after such an operation had been performed and found her in bad condition. The doctor said that she had gradually improved for six months but now she was running a fever, had lost her appetite and was having a difficult time keeping up her good cheer and her fighting courage. He didn't know why that had happened but he ventured a "guess." He always inserted the needle somewhere in a spot about the size of a silver dollar and the tissues there had become insensitive. But on this occasion a new spot must have been unintentionally tapped, the membrane reacted vigorously, fever developed, appetite vanished—there was a general upset.

That is a parable of Western Christianity. A large area of our life has become so calloused that you might puncture it with a prayer or a hymn; you might tap it with a passage of Scripture or an entire order of worship; you might stick a human need deep into it; but nothing would happen. There would be no flare-up. Our spiritual temperatures wouldn't rise. We would go right on eating even though millions were starving. Isaiah's picture of the kind of men the world now needs just doesn't fit us. Men are not saying of you and me, "He was wounded for our sins. 'Twas our misdeeds that crushed Him."

I visited my sister again last January. The surgeons had decided to operate. They said no general anesthetic could be given because only one lung was functioning. In less than three months my sister underwent three operations in which pieces were removed from each of her ribs. Her doctors now believe she will get well. But she has paid the price of terrible suffering. That, too, is a parable!

Habakkuk—A Tract for Our Times

By Edward Tallmadge Root

The righteous shall live by his faith. Habakkuk 2:4.

THE most timely tract for our troubled times was written some twenty-five hundred years ago by the obscure prophet Habakkuk. A single sentence from that tract has had a profound effect upon the development of religion: "The righteous shall live by his faith." Paul seized upon it to refute the theory that any man can be saved by "works of righteousness which he has done." Inspired by the apostle's words, Luther broke the shackles of Roman ritual and penance and ushered in the Protestant Reformation by proclaiming the doctrine of justification by faith.

Their problem and that of our fathers was this: How can sinful man know himself justified before God? Modern, even professing Christians are today rarely troubled by that question. Our problem is: How can any man continue to believe in the existence of God when he sees a world in which unrighteousness seems to triumph? Today, when the wave of idealism which rose at the successful close of a "war to make the world safe for democracy" has ebbed; when liquor and gambling have returned like a flood; when the League of Nations and the Paris pact break "as a string of tow when it touches the fire"; when actual aggression crushes Ethiopia and conquers all but the interior of China, and the mere threat of force snatches away the liberty of Czechoslovakia and Spain, and the "peace" which is purchased by acquiescence is made a mockery by the increase of expenditures for armaments from four billion dollars to seventeen billion dollars within five years—how can we still believe that Omnipotent Righteousness rules?

Where is God's justice?

If we turn to the original setting of the sentence, we find that this precisely was Habakkuk's problem. To the Hebrew word from which we derive "Amen," originally meaning "steadfastness," he gave a new meaning. The interpretation of that meaning adopted in the New Testament is confirmed when the prophecy is read as a whole. It defines, or rather describes, faith as the attitude which enables a man to "endure as seeing him who is invisible."

The three chapters have logical unity. The prophet looks at his country, Judah, and exclaims: "I cry out unto thee of violence, and thou wilt not save! . . . Therefore, the Law is slacked, and justice doth never go forth." God's answer comes promptly: "Lo! I raise up the Chaldeans, that bitter and hasty nation, that march through the breadth of the earth, to possess dwelling places that are not theirs." So all the prophets saw in the captivity punishment for Israel's sins. But Habakkuk, clearest-minded of them all, saw a fresh dilemma. "Thou that art of purer eyes than to behold evil, wherefore holdest thou thy peace when the wicked swalloweth up the man that is more righteous than he?" Judah, indeed, deserved punishment; but was not Babylon more immoral and ruthless? How can it be that this world is governed by a just God, when the only way in which iniquity is punished is by the triumph of still greater wickedness?

No wonder that the prophet felt baffled and could only say: "I will stand upon my watch . . . to see what he will speak by me." An answer came, but the solution was still deferred. "The vision is yet for the appointed time: though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come." What was that "vision"? It is not included in the great affirmation regarding faith. It is not reached till 2:14. There it is, the most overwhelming prediction in the Old Testament: "The earth shall be filled with knowledge of the glory of Jehovah as the waters cover the sea!" Isaiah makes the same prediction in 11:9. But Habakkuk inserts the word "glory." The "glory" of Jehovah, his distinctive character—is it not his righteousness? He "is of purer eyes than to behold evil." A new and deeper significance is given to the promise that "righteousness shall yet completely conquer."

Edward Tallmadge Root

That confidence does not falter because Babylon still seems to triumph. Her graven images, the deification of her own power and pride, stand exalted in magnificent temples into which are brought spoils from all nations, while the temple at Jerusalem has been repeatedly plundered and is soon to be utterly destroyed. Yet Habakkuk dares to heap scorn on those very idols: "Shall *this* teach? There is no breath at all in the midst of it! But Jehovah is in his holy temple: Let all the earth keep silence before him." In our

orders of worship how often we repeat that sentence, with how little thought of its profound meaning! God's temple can no more be overthrown than the vault of the sky! Who can grasp that fact and not be awed to silence? And all mankind must and will yet feel that awe.

FAITH TRIUMPHS OVER EVIL

The sublime ode in chapter 3 is not an appendix but reaffirms the same conviction, now personal and exultant. What does the storm described typify? The "horses" of the Chaldeans, so vividly described in 1:8, reappear. Charging side by side, their arching necks are compared to mighty breakers. They sweep over the land in the judgment predicted; and even the prophet confesses, "I tremble because I must wait quietly for the coming of the people that invadeth me." The awe-inspiring theophany is nothing else than the overwhelming invasion of the Babylonians. They hew down or girdle fig trees, vines and olives. They strip the fields, and every soldier, as he passes, casts on a stone to make them untillable. Flocks are carried away from the fold, and the herd from the stall. Nothing is left. But hear the prophet sing: "Yet will I rejoice in Jehovah, I will joy in the God of my salvation!" *This* is faith! It enables the soul, as with "hinds' feet," to leap over every obstacle. It is not defined but displayed in these three triumphant denials of the apparent victory of evil: hope, which sees the ultimate victory from afar; faith, which beholds God enthroned even now; and love, which finds in him the all-in-all.

But how could Habakkuk draw such a conclusion from the premises given by actual events? He does not deny the terrible facts. From those very facts he infers that an ocean-like righteousness will ultimately cover the earth. In 2:4, the contrast is drawn between "the just" and one "whose soul is puffed up and is not upright in him" (i.e., Babylon). It is from the very description of the conqueror's career and its consequences that the prophet draws his sublime hope. "Because thou hast plundered many nations, all the remnant of the peoples shall plunder thee. . . . Thou hast devised shame to thy house, and hast sinned against thine own soul." What is this but an assertion of the very law of nature which modern science fancies that it was the first to discover: Reaction equals action? Our age boasts of being scientific and regards the Bible as naively superstitious. The fact is that we are only beginning to be scientific. We recognize cause and effect in the material world, and lo, we master it! We refuse to recognize it in the far more important realm of human and social life, and behold, our whole civilization totters on the brink of ruin!

LAW AND LIFE

The prophets applied the law to human life. They were rigidly scientific. Thus Habakkuk asks: "Is it not of Jehovah of Hosts that the peoples labor for fire, and the nations weary themselves for vanity?" A startling question! But it means, Is the condition of the world an accident? No! It is the inevitable result of law. The nations eat the fruit of their own doings. Look at the history of our own times. In 1872 Germany conquered France, took Alsace and imposed a heavy indemnity. For forty-six years France nursed the hope of revenge. In 1918, with the aid of the Allies, she crushed Germany and imposed an impossible indemnity and restrictions which drove a proud people into the arms of Hitler. Germany now dominates Europe, but her treatment of Czechoslovakia and the Jews is creating new resentments. As Habakkuk saw, like produces like; evil begets evil and thus punishes itself. Therefore it must ultimately eliminate itself; and the conviction that Eternal Righteousness rules will rest upon every human being with a pressure tremendous and unremitting like that of ocean's depths.

GOD HAS ALL TIME

Is this not a logical inference? Oh, yes, it will take time. But he whom the Psalms describe as "from everlasting to everlasting," whom modern science reveals as the Creator of a universe measured by thousands of light-years, has all time.

And if Habakkuk reached so triumphant a conclusion, how much more we who have added Christian to Hebrew grounds for faith? For Jesus taught that the law of reaction applies to good as well as to evil. "Give, and it shall be given unto you." He himself demonstrated the truth, "We love, because he first loved us." He commanded, "Whosoever smiteth thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also"; i.e., let the evil be accepted without reaction and so at once eliminated. And if evil is thus being eliminated by two forces, and good is evoking good, the victory of right is trebly certain, and the time will be "shortened for the elects' sake."

Our Hebrew-Christian faith is no hothouse plant. It was sown in the bitter winter of the Babylonian captivity. In the midst of the persecution which burst upon the infant church it blossomed in the ringing affirmation, "The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!" No other conception is compatible with the universal reign of law discovered by modern science. To speak of a limited God is a self-contradiction. Either the universe is a chaos of chance and the sooner we end our wretched existence, the better; or it is the expression of a Will, righteous and loving, whom to know is life eternal. "This is the victory which overcometh the world, even our faith!"

Calamity a Way to Redemption

By Charles E. Raven

OUT of tragedy and pain man can gain both ends of a new end. When the things that change are shaken, then the things that do not change are made manifest.

Some of you, I am sure, have known times when all of your earthly securities smashed, when the very things that seemed so safe—home and comradeship, all the dear lovely things that make up this life of ours—were gone from you; when you faced the fact of your

own immediate death, perhaps. Did you go through that agony, as I did, wondering whether anything remained at all? Was immortality a dream? Was there anything at all to which to hold?

What held you then?

When my little world was shattered around me, then came the certainty that God's arm was not shortened, nor was his love casting me off. At such times the desire for power and popularity looks shoddy and worthless to us, and we understand for a little while. We come through that sort of experience with the opportunity of making something stronger and cleaner and better out of these lives of ours. These lives are no longer earth bound, but have found through calamity the peace that passes all understanding. They have found a new joy in men and women, a new knowledge that criticism cannot touch, a new power to smile at the world and find the world smiling back at you.

It is not a purely sentimental feeling but it is literally true that when men's hearts fail to feel, when through tragedy they are purged, there is in them then a sensitiveness which cannot be gained at any other cost.

Is it true that a cross is the way to resurrection? Is it true that the calamity which comes to those who leave God out of account does not constitute a disaster but an opportunity? If the world is really God's world, it is so. All calamity is a possibility for a renewal of life.

Can it be true that this world of ours, which has learned—or should have learned—that you cannot make war to end war—that you cannot make war to make the world safe for democracy—surely such a world has learned the simple lesson that there is a more excellent way, that there is a means of overcoming evil by good, that the love that gives to the uttermost is the power through which crucifixion comes to a resurrection.

I cannot but think that Christ's own example should bring home to all Christian folk in our churches that there is a lesson and an opportunity here and now to testify that in this day of seeming disaster, in this day of oppression and tyranny, of persecution and hatred, of war and rumor of war, there is nothing outside the limit of the love of God, nothing outside the love that gives to the uttermost, that can bring redemption.

The message to the Christian church is to stand firm in its loyalty to the Prince of Peace; to insist that if there is no resurrection without a crucifixion, then every crucifixion can be a resurrection.

When you see these things come to pass, lift up your heads, for your Redeemer is drawing nigh.

[From a sermon delivered at the Sunday Evening Club of Chicago.]

We Make the Future

WHAT FUTURE can there be for the church of the living God in a world which seems delivered over to Satanism? My answer is—*"The beyond is the within."* There is a future very remote. There is also a future at once accessible. There is a future very far off; a future of the vision splendid, and worlds yet unrealized; but there is also the future of this afternoon and tomorrow morning. The stage for immediate action must be firmly placed. We do not know the future, but we make it—not all of it—but the important parts of it. Up then with your heads and hearts! "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." There is no place in the Christian scheme for doubt and despair. "Optimism," you say? Certainly! The only sane optimist is the Christian, because his optimism is not a flimsy Pollyanna sentiment, but is rooted in the supreme and inevitably victorious purpose of a holy and loving God.

Christ taught us that even mountains could be moved by faith, that we were not puppets dangled by cords in the hands of demonic forces behind the scenes, but rather freemen, children of God, responsible agents, creators with God of a new world, redeemers with Christ of a lost world, partners with the Holy Spirit in bringing society to judgment, to repentance and a new birth.

GEORGE CRAIG STEWART.

A Pastoral Prayer

BY ERNEST FREMONT TITTLE

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, before whom pass the generations of men in triumph or in disaster, it comforts us to know that Thou art concerned with all that concerns us and that in Thy hands, not ours alone, are the issues of history.

In these days of universal tumult and peril, suffer us not to forget that Thou art with us, using disaster to open men's eyes and the threat of it to influence their decisions.

Reveal unto us the good in others that we are failing to see; that we may not despise our human clay nor ever suppose that human conditions, however bad, are irredeemable. And do Thou in mercy reveal unto us the evil in ourselves, that we may not, with eyes on the ends of the earth, overlook much in our own desires and practices which is adding to the confusion of the world.

In this quiet hour, this holy place, let Thy light and Thy truth be seen by us all. Develop in us, we beseech Thee, a living faith in God; that we may surely know we are not alone in a troubled world; that we may look for the coming of a better world; and that, laying strong hold upon Thee, whose power and wisdom are available for those who truly desire to do Thy will on earth, we may now strive to overcome whatever is evil in ourselves and in our world, upheld by Thine own assurance that our labor is not vain; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

The Triumph of the Tenth

By Robert G. Lee

IN my college years, when I was carrying newspapers at fifty cents a day, a speaker at chapel brought me to the conviction that "the tithe is the Lord's and that it is holy unto him" (Lev. 27:30); and that the tenth of one's income should be the very least a Christian should pay into the treasury of the church where his name is enrolled as a member.

● *Preaching and Teaching The Tithe*

All along, and in my Memphis pastorate, my conviction has been that no congregation will travel any faster, climb any higher, array itself in any more vigorous spiritual realities than the pastor. My expressed conviction in public and private, in preaching and conversation, is that money talks—that money, like wind and fire and water and electricity, is a good servant and a bad master. I have taught my people that money has a spiritual value and if not put into spiritual channels will work against the soul. Multitudinous times and in multitudinous ways I have taught them that their money tells whether they prefer hoarding or helping, music or movies, beer or bargains, lust or life, trivial values or genuine goods—that money proclaims of people whether the heart is primarily in sensuous appetites or in spiritual pleasures. Just as Ithuriel's spear made everyone who touched it stand forth in his true nature, so our use of money reveals our character.

I have taught the blessedness of giving: that, just as the health of the human body depends upon its exhalations as well as its inhalations, so the Christian who has the broadest outlet in giving will find the widest inlet for the Spirit; that, since nothing great is achieved without great effort, so progress is possible only where there is mental hospitality to great ideas, which ideas must be translated into deeds.

Giving of money must not be viewed from the standpoint of the gift rather than that of the giver. This have I taught. Accept the principle that the tithe is the minimum amount to pay. This have I taught. Do not under any circumstances use any part of the tithe for personal purposes. This have I taught. The Lord's money belongs in the Lord's treasury. This have I taught. Many times and with prayerful constancy I have stressed Hebrews 7:8: "And here men that die receive tithes; but there he receiveth them, of whom it is witnessed that he liveth." This should settle the argument and close the contention that tithing is not a New Testament ordinance. If Christ's people do not bring him the tithes he does not get them. To refuse is rank disobedience. He that tithes in the spirit of stewardship, proves himself trustworthy and faithful. But do not tithe in order to get. Rather strive to gain in order to increase the tithe. When you tithe as "a steward of grace" of God, he gets not only the money, but he gets the *giver*.

Many other truths about money by precept and by example have I

Robert G. Lee

taught—line upon line, here a little and there a little, here much and there much—declaring my belief that the reason there are so many who say they cannot understand the rule of the tithe is because there are so many who are not willing that God's rule of financing his work shall prevail in their lives.

● *A Church 'Sunk' In Debt*

It was no light matter to me to be pastor of a people who, in 1930, found themselves $240,000 in debt for an adequate building and $7,000 in arrears on current expenses and mission causes to support and local expenses to meet. Interest on floated bonds was 6 per cent—$14,400 the first year after we built.

What was I to do, since I had no rich people and no large givers as to amount, and many of our people out of work and bonds coming due and "old man Interest" working without ceasing?

Well, with some men in Memphis telling me I was "sunk," that our church had "bit off more than we could chew or swallow," I prayed. But I kept talking, precept on precept, sermon on sermon, ever and anon, of God's plan to finance his work — tithes and offerings — from Malachi the third chapter and Hebrews the seventh chapter.

● *God Always Works By Plan*

We have believed and taught, and have persuaded others to believe, that God works by *plan*. He had a plan for making man (Gen. 1:26-27); a plan for the Tabernacle (Heb. 8:5); a plan for salvation (John: 3:16) which plan is that God loved, Christ died, sinners trust; a plan of baptism (Romans 6:4); a plan of evangelism, "Go ye therefore" (Matt. 28:19). We, pastor and people, have believed and taught others to believe that God has a plan for financing his work. What was, and is, this plan?

Readily you see what it was, and is—storehouse tithing, the only kind of tithing taught in the Bible, the only kind that has ever worked satisfactorily. No bazaars, no church suppers, no rummage sales, no cake carnivals, no ice-cream jousts, no soliciting of ads from merchants to go on church bulletins—nothing like this has ever been used in our financial efforts. Our plan, in the face of opposition and criticism and stubbornness on the part of some, is to show that the modern storehouse is God's church, and that if we will bring the whole tithe into the storehouse there will be ample funds to carry out Christ's program at home and beyond the seas.

We suggest five propositions which, we are convinced, are impregnable in proving that at least one-tenth of our income should be put into the treasury of the church.

● *System an Order Of Life*

I. *The tithe is a fundamental principle lying at the foundation of history and life.* Our Lord himself, who is our supreme and final authority in all matters of faith and conscience, confirmed this duty and privilege, which was incorporated in the Jewish law, and made the payment of the tithe obligatory for all time (Matt. 2:23). It should be sufficient to remark that a Christian ought to be as good as a

Jew, and, what is more, as consecrated to Christ as a heathen is to his cult and to his gods.

2. *The tithe is a necessary system.* God did not leave us to whim or impulse or emotions of the moment in the important matter of the stewardship of money. God is a God of order and system. The universe is conducted in orderly fashion. Otherwise there would be only chaos where there is cosmos; and moral order is certainly as important as physical organization in the universe.

3. *The tithe is an indispensable standard.* Naturally we ask "How much?" There must be a definite standard somewhere. The universality of the tithe as a moral obligation seems to me to be beyond question, as well as a method of real spiritual participation in Christ's causes. It is the universal minimum of the race as shown in the history of mankind so far as we have knowledge of the religions of the world.

● *A Law that Looks to A Reward*

4. *The tithe is an unrepealed law.* Our Lord Jesus restated and with his own authority announced the duty of the tithe as clear. Unless we are anarchists, we recognize the value and importance of law. If I am not governed by some rule of authority then my impulse and feelings, which may be caused by physical or social conditions or other influences, good or bad, constitute the supreme court of authority in my moral universe.

5. *The tithe brings a glorious reward.* "Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom" (Luke 6:38). "Honor the Lord with thy substance" (Prov. 3:9). "It is more blessed to give than to receive." If we give expecting nothing in return, God will make an abundant return. God does not promise to give money for money, bond for bond, gold for gold, but he does promise that to those who give he will make returns.

● *Attempting the Impossible*

So, by sermons, by the distribution of pamphlets, by addresses at the midweek service, by talks by women in the Missionary Society, by testimony of Christians—men, women, boys, girls, church officials—converted to the practice of tithing, many (though not all, by any means) have been "rooted and grounded in the faith" of this great doctrine; and our church has been educated and developed to a high state of giving and led to an appreciation of the Christian duty, the great privilege and the success of the tithe as the minimum amount to put into the church treasury.

As a result there has been a deepening of the spiritual life of our church, an intensity of sanctified joy, a growth in spiritual passion for the unsaved, a confidence established in the minds of the people as to the truth that "we never test the resources of God until we attempt the impossible."

Moreover, as a result, devoutly desired and prayed for, within the last eight years we have given helpfully to mission causes, paid $100,000 interest, paid $140,000 on the principal of our debt, kept "out of the red" in local expenses, made banks ask "How do you do it?" Moreover, God's hand has been upon us for good. The Holy Spirit's presence and power has been felt in that we have had an average of ten members per Sunday to be added to the church membership over a period of eleven years and four months, with the ordinance of baptism administered every Sunday the pastor has been in the city. This means that there have been 6,205 additions since I became pastor in December, 1927. The tithe did not do *all* this, but it had a large part in creating conditions that made this possible.

The hundreds who tithe rejoice in it—rejoice over the spiritual development and sense of duty well done and of privilege laid hold upon in trust; rejoice over the achievements it makes possible in our church life.

● *God Will Do His Part*

The tenth is triumphant. It works—making hearts tenderer. It works—making consciences clearer. It works—taking churches out of debt and into a "face unashamed" before the world. God has a bigger shovel than we have—and he will shovel in more than we shovel out.

What Dr. Gordon said is true: "If any Christian who has never tried the tithe will make an experiment, conscientiously follow it through to the end in prosperity and adversity, we predict for him two surprises. First, he will be astonished at the increased amount which he is enabled by this method to give to the Lord; and, secondly, he will be astonished at the increased spiritual and temporal prosperity which the Lord will give him."

Timely Verse

Dear Old Mothers

I LOVE old mothers—mothers with white hair
And kindly eyes, and lips grown soft and sweet
With murmured blessings over sleeping babes.
There is something in their quiet grace
That speaks the calm of Sabbath afternoons;
A knowledge in their deep, unfaltering eyes
That far outreaches all philosophy.

Time, with caressing touch about them weaves
The silver-threaded fairy-shawl of age,
While all the echoes of forgotten songs
Seem joined to lend sweetness to their speech.

Old mothers! as they pass with slow-timed step,
Their trembling hands cling gently to youth's strength.
Sweet mothers!—as they pass, one sees again
Old garden-walks, old roses, and old loves.

CHARLES S. ROSS.

Is It a Dream?

IS it a dream—and nothing more—this faith
That nerves our brains to thought—our hands to work
For that great day when wars shall cease, and men
Shall live as brothers in a unity
Of love—live in a world made splendid?

Is it a dream—this faith of ours—that pleads
And pulses in our hearts—and bids us look,
Through mists of tears and time, to that great day
When wars shall cease upon the earth, and men
As brothers bound by Love of Man and God,
Shall build a world as gloriously fair
As sunset skies, or mountains when they catch
The farewell kiss of evening on their heights?

G. A. STUDDERT-KENNEDY.

The poem "Dear Old Mothers" is from the anthology, *1,000 Quotable Poems,* and is used by permission of the publishers, Willett, Clark & Co.

WHO'S WHO in THIS ISSUE

Rev. JAMES A. RICHARDS *was pastor* of the United Church, Newport, R. I., for four years and then served as minister of the Mt. Vernon Church in Boston from 1909 to 1918. His next pastorate was at the Congregational Church in Winnetka, Ill., a suburb of Chicago. Since 1928 he has led the activities of the First Church in Oberlin, Oberlin, O.

Rev. HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK *is minis*ter of Riverside Church in New York city and occupies the chair of practical theology in Union Theological Seminary.

Born in England, Rev. REYNOLD B. BODEN received his education at Lancashire Independent College and Manchester University. From 1919 to 1930 he was pastor of a church in Manchester. In 1929 and 1930 he came to America under the auspices of the Committee on Interchange of Preachers. On the later tour he preached for churches on the Pacific coast and at that time received a call to the pastorate of the Church of the Messiah in Los Angeles. He accepted and began his Los Angeles pastorate in 1931. During the past three years he has lectured in the department of religion at the University of Southern California.

For a number of years Rev. E. TALLMADGE ROOT was executive secretary of the Massachusetts Federation of Churches. He now makes his home at Somerville, Mass. The sermon published in this issue was delivered before a meeting of the Massachusetts Council of Churches held in November of last year.

Rev. WILLIAM E. BROOKS *went from a* long ministry at Allentown, Pa. to his present pastorate, First Presbyterian Church, Morgantown, W. Va. He has been prominent in the general activities of his denomination and is known in the literary field as the author of a biography of Robert E. Lee.

Dr. FRED EASTMAN *was director of* educational work for the Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A. from 1919 to 1923 and during the next two years was managing editor of *Christian Work,* New York. Since 1926 he has been professor of biography, literature and drama in Chicago Theological Seminary. Dr. Eastman is the author of many plays and has written and compiled a number of books on the drama including *Drama in the Church* and *10 One-Act Plays.* He is now issuing a series of volumes of biography published under the title, *Men of Power.*

Rev. E. K. HIGDON *was a missionary* of the Disciples of Christ in the Philippine Islands from 1917 to 1937 and during 12 years of that period was pastor of a student church in Manila. For 17 years—from 1919 on—he was head of the Old Testament department of Union Theological Seminary of the Philippines. Upon his return to the states in 1937 Mr. Higdon assisted the International Missionary Council in preparations for the Madras Conference, at which meetings he was director of news service and publicity. For the past year he has been a secretary of the Foreign Missions Conference of North America.

Rev. ERNEST FREMONT TITTLE *is min*ister of First Methodist Church, Evanston, Ill.

Rev. ROBERT G. LEE *is pastor of Belle*vue Baptist Church, Memphis, Tenn.

TITLES AND TEXTS

What Pulpit Readers are Preaching About

EARL DANIELS, First Christian, Ottumwa, Ia. "Christianity Is Something More!" Matt. 5:46—"What do ye more than others?"

HENRY H. CRANE, Central Methodist, Detroit, Mich. "The Might of the Mite." Mark 12:43, 44—"Verily I say unto you, This poor widow cast in more than all they that are casting into the treasury: for they all did cast in of their superfluity: but she of her want did cast in all she had, even all her living."

JOSEPH E. HENDERSON, First Methodist, Millersburg, O. "What Must I Do to be Lost?" Acts 28:27—"For the heart of this people is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes have they closed; lest they should see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their heart, and should be converted, and I should heal them."

CHARLES D. ROCKEL, Christ Evangelical and Reformed, Altoona, Pa. "The Tragedy of Answered Prayer." Psalm 106:15—"He gave them their request but sent leanness into their souls."

H. J. BARTH, Bethel Evangelical and Reformed, Rockford, Ill. "Beware of Imitations." Deut. 32:21—"They have moved me to jealousy with that which is not God."

HARRY E. SHEPARDSON, Zion Reformed, New Providence, Pa. "A Neglected Beatitude." Luke 11:28—"Blessed are they that hear the Word of God, and keep it."

GEORGE C. HARDIN, Friends Indian Mission, Wyandotte, Okla. "Affirmative Preaching." John 20:18—"Mary of Magdala went and declared to the disciples, I have seen the Master." (Goodspeed)

FOR YOUR SERMON AND TEXT

.....
Title of Sermon

.....
Text used (write out the text)

.....
Name of minister

.....
Name of church

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CORRECTION: The price of *Doctrines of the Creed,* by Quick, reviewed on the Editor's Page in the March issue, is not $1.75, as there indicated, but $3.75. THE EDITORS.

The Editor's Page

The Event of the Month

NOTHING happening in the church life of America in many years is to be compared in importance with the reunion of divided Methodism. There will henceforth be one Methodist church with a membership of nearly eight million souls, thus making it the largest Protestant denomination in the United States and one of the largest in the world. I wish I could have been in Kansas City when the uniting conference met to consummate the decisions taken separately over the period of the past three years by the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Methodist Episcopal Church South, and the Methodist Protestant Church. I hope to look in on this epochal gathering before it closes. I covet the thrill of joining in their singing. And how these Methodists will sing! Even as they buckle down to the routine and difficult tasks of merging into one organization the many functions of the three bodies, they will go about this prosaic business daily, far into the month of May, with song in their hearts and on their lips. Methodists are making a great contribution to Christian unity, both in the fact of their own union and in the kind of union they have achieved. The new Methodism will be a proof of the possibility of union without centralization. The united church will be much less centralized than any one of the constituent churches has been. This demonstration should teach us that union—organic union—does not require us to look to Rome as a model of unity, for the new Methodism is a union that looks in a direction the exact opposite of Rome.

Methodist Reunion

The Book of the Month

THE CASE FOR EVANGELICAL MODERNISM. *By C. J. Cadoux. Willett, Clark & Company, $2.00.*

DR. Cadoux is one of the most distinguished theologians in England. Since 1933 he has been Mackennal professor of church history and vice-principal of Mansfield College, Oxford. This is his thirteenth book, and perhaps the most important of them all. Certainly it is a book by which all preachers will profit. Dr. Cadoux writes with a gentle charm which is all too rare among theologians, but his persuasiveness is backed by keen reasoning. He insists that evangelical modernism—and by that he means "the general acceptance of a new critical attitude in the interpretation both of Scripture and of traditional Christian doctrine, in conformity with the results and methods of modern knowledge"—is now and has all along been on the right road. The one thing we must remember, he says, is that Christianity is true and that all relevant truth is Christian. If we give our allegiance to truth we cannot be lost. But many of the great creeds and dogmas of the church, he holds, are not truth but only formulations of the truth. For instance, the doctrine of the Trinity represents the best that the early Christians could do in the way of explaining the fact of Jesus' extraordinary relation to God. Our age does not understand that formulation, and to insist on it is to wander in a blind alley. So Dr. Cadoux rejects traditionalism. He rejects Barthianism and humanism also, for he believes that they too lead into darkness. But he ends his book with a great affirmation. His last chapter, which shows us "The Way to the Real Jesus," is as reverent and sound a piece of Christian argument as any theologian has ever written. The way is that of reason, through which God speaks to man. This book will recall to our remembrance some things we once believed but, to our hurt, have almost forgotten.

A Thought for the Month

MANY Christians think that Jesus was not interested in the church, and some even say that he was opposed to the very idea of a church. They think of him as a free spirit, teaching eternal truths and striving to get individual men and women to believe them and to walk in his steps in practicing them. Jesus founded no church, it is said. Of course this is true if we think of the church as merely an institution. But if we think of the church as a living corporate community, then Jesus did create the church. From the beginning of his ministry he was engaged in the work of forming this community. His choice of the twelve implied the idea of an organization. His solicitude for the organic unity of his disciples dominated the last hours that he was with them. In the upper room, his conversation, his intercessory prayer, his metaphor of the vine and the branches, his offering of a new covenant, and especially his institution of the Lord's Supper all had to do with the corporate unity of the community which the Father had given him as the fruit of his Messianic labor. His "little flock" was constituted of the "remnant" of Israel, and his most passionate concern was that it should not disintegrate after he had gone. I like to think of this little group as the Church of the Remnant—a kind of interim church, carrying over the revelation of God from racial Israel into the new age where it became the Body of Christ. The church was not founded at Pentecost. Pentecost was the moment at which the disciples became conscious of what had been happening to them all along, namely, that in the companionship of Jesus they had already become a church!

The Church of The Remnant

Charles Clayton Morrison

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Dr. Bosley is minister of the Mount Vernon Place Methodist Church, Baltimore, and was formerly a professor of philosophy and religious literature in Iowa State Teachers College. He is recognized as one of the most brilliant of the younger theologians and philosophers.

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